

## BILL ON THE WHEEL

Nye's Experience Off and On With a Pneumatic Tire.

## WILLIAM'S VERY LATEST POEM

We Mow the Lawn in the Early Morning and Acquire a Tired Feeling.—Riley and Reed.

(Copyright 1893 by Eliza W. Nye.)  
For a long time I would not be argued into getting a bicycle, as it is not suited to my time of life. It is not dignified for a man who has chatted with crowned heads to jump his back and crawl into the air with both feet and scud across the horizon with wild eyes and a



ON A PNEUMATIC TIRE.

tired mouth like that of one who has tried to eat with a souvenirs spoon to excess.

"No," I said, "I was born too far back to pick this up. I can never ride the wheel in public successfully." I tried once of the talk kind once, because it looked so graceful, and it not only threw me in such a way as to drive my spectacles up my nose quite a long distance, but it followed me up and stepped on me and lay down on me and got one of its cold, hard trundles in the bosom of my bicycling jacket, where my lunch was.

But with a pneumatic tire and a low wheel there is less danger of shortening the spine and finding vertebrae in your shoes when you padress at night. The pneumatic tire is blown full of air, being a tight rubber tube encircling the wheel. Riding on a tire is what is great sport, especially to the witness. It is like running a lawn mower.

I have a large colored gent who exerts himself for me at a reasonable price, and I saw him from my study pushing the lawn mower one bright June morning till I could not stand it any longer. He pushed it from him as he would a water-melon. It was so easy. He kept singing something about like this:

Such I shall call when do great day come,  
Or shall I take my lady in shame?

Such a dog is my Christian name?  
And the green grass rolled like a fragrant carpet over the machine. I couldn't write because the spitter and buzz of that lawn-mower and the hymn, or whatever it was, kept wooring me to the window, and I couldn't get two ideas together before my repetition. Finally I gave up my job and went outside. It looked even easier out there than it did from the house.

"You may go down to the garden, Alcibiades," I said, "and weed the succulent pines awhile. I will finish mowing the lawn."

I took off my rich dressing gown and hung it up on the eaves; took off my reversible cuffs and put them on the tail of a beautiful, ornamental iron dog which stands on the lawn, and started in.

I moved a place so big as this morning's paper, I think, a small rose-cushion and a rambler doll, when I began to see that the sun was rapidly removing the shade from the lawn and putting it over on the north side of the house.

I moved down the old rusty arches of a forgotten crept-out set and mad eight times, and it is said that those same miles never ran away any more than that. You can leave them standing at a crossing now while you go away to Siberia, and when you come back they will be there.

Below I give a poem addressed to my farm during the late dry spell which visited our place:

I think she was silent, addressed his horses:  
"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares, dost thou linger now, good horse?  
Oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in  
the tents. I hear the children singing and  
the women sing of the stars, of Atair,  
Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran. Victory, and  
the song will never end. Well done!  
Home tomorrow under the black tent-homes.  
On, Antares! The tribe is waiting  
for us, and the master is waiting!  
'Tis done! 'Tis done! Ha, ha! Steady.  
The work is done. Soho, Steady!"

Row, Myron W. Reed and James Whitcomb Riley one afternoon about the time of the publication of "Ben-Hur" went out to dine with George Hitt of The Journal at Indianapolis and came home in the evening full of "Ben-Hur." They took a surface car drawn by a pair of mated eaten mules. It was quite a ride from Hitt's chateau to the Dennis House, and so, as the car was unoccupied except by two colored ladies named Tracy, who lived across the track—Eliseo and Pearl Tracy—they talked freely.

Shortly after these two gentlemen got on the car stopped, and the driver went back to set a switch or recover his whip, but soon it moved on in the darkness, gaining speed as the grade seemed gently descending, till directly the Misses Tracy began to giggle and look sort of apprehensively toward the front of the car. Mr. Reed looked, too, and discovered that there was no driver. Moreover, the mules were running away.

The pastor made about two strides of eight feet each and found himself at the dashboard of the car, the lines dragging along the track and the driver a mile back looking for his whip.

The Misses Tracy screamed as the car now and then returned to the track with a cruel shock, and Mr. Riley, extending his head through a ventilator at the top of the car, exclaimed "Help! help!" twice in rapid succession.

Mr. Reed, holding his hat on with one hand, reached twice for the lines beneath the car, and twice the off mule must put the pastor's eye out with its impressionist tail. At last Mr. Reed succeeded, and scorning the brake he slapped the mule mule across the person with the lines, and waving his broad hat in the air he cried:

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares, dost thou linger now, good mule? Oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women sing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory, and the song will never end."

As the car passed the corner near where The Journal office was Mr. Riley again extended his head through a new place in the roof which he had made with his silk hat and ejaculated hurriedly: "Help! Help! Help! Will no one jemal the car and save us?"

But his cry was drowned by the roar of the car and the remarks of Mr. Reed as he slapped the off mule with his slouch hat and exclaimed:

"Well done! Home tomorrow under the black tent-home! On, Antares! On, Aldebaran!"

It was a grand sight.



A MORNING MOW.

I think they went past the car stables eight times, and it is said that those same miles never ran away any more than that. You can leave them standing at a crossing now while you go away to Siberia, and when you come back they will be there.

Below I give a poem addressed to my farm during the late dry spell which visited our place:

ME SUMMER IN MY PLACE AT A GIVEN POINT,  
AND LOOKING TOWARD MOAN MOUNTAIN BE-  
TWEEN THE STARS.

On, the sweet potato's swelling on my upright  
farm,  
And the seaweed blossom feeds the bee,  
And Kope Elka! With his strong right arm,  
Shows the moonshoe rocker up a tree.

II.  
Oh, the sun shines hot on my blue grass lawn,  
And the mule goes on mighty sad,  
For my upright farm is a dark wretched red,  
And the stars are like a broken rotten bed.

III.  
For my lawn is red as the Sandy Bottom road,  
And the peach bushes open on the bough,  
And my long perch-well at the back of my  
steed.  
Wants a cold, damp towel on its brow.

IV.  
It never was so dry since prior to the war,  
When the apples got so wormy on the tree,  
And it puzzed you all to know what they was,  
Except a gassy death to you and me.

V.  
But the banks may bust'do the money can-  
ters have,  
I run a few neck cans,  
For I am content on my upright farm,  
And that's why I seem like I am.

Six.  
Bill Nye

Unless the breath is like a spicy gale,  
Unless the teeth gleam like the driven  
snow.

There is no dazzling smile or tender tale,  
Grateful to woman's eye or ear, we  
know.

The tale would lose its charms—if the  
smile be gained.

Till brought within the spell of BOZO-  
DON!

The daily steamer of the Holland  
and Chicago line from Holland and Ott-  
awa Beach to Chicago make close  
connections with C. & W. M. Ry. trains  
both from and to Grand Rapids, and  
offer the cheapest and most pleasant  
route to the world's fair. See ad.

Did you ever ride on the "coach," or  
the "boiler," or the "hounds" of a lumber  
wagon seven or eight miles in the  
moisture heat with your feet hanging  
down and gnawing large holes in  
them? It is equal to a straw ride among  
acrid mosquitoes.

Referring to rides and vehicles, I am  
recalled of the chariot race in "Ben-  
Hur." Everybody remembers his won-  
derful pictures and wishes that he had  
been first to write it. Every one calls to  
mind the spirit of Ben-Hur to his steeds  
as they flew around the course; how he  
kept his temper even when Massala gave  
the Jew's beautiful horses a cut as he  
passed them, with his "Down, Evad! Up,  
Massa!" But when the moment, the  
drama moment, arrived, Ben-Hur, when

A Lady's  
Watch is  
About the Size

of a bottle of wine. This  
size is daily in great  
request for the table and those  
make their persons as a means of  
moving the bowels. "There is not  
a grippe in a barrel of them." They  
regulate the flow of bile, hence  
are useful in bilious affections and  
diarrhoea—in fact, in all disor-  
ders of the liver, stomach and  
bowels. A \$5 bottle will often  
serve a \$5 doctor & H. If taken in  
time. Ask for the SMALL size.  
Take no substitute for SMITH'S.

Bile  
Beans!What Would You Say If You Were  
Financially Involved?

And some one would promise to relieve your  
trouble of a financial outlay, and submit  
yourself to him. Every laboring man and woman  
has capital. That capital is their health,  
and when that goes everything is gone. One  
can't live on capital, only on the fruits of  
health in general, believed to be chronic catarrh,  
and there is no reason for coalting this  
disease. The best way to cure this catarrh  
and thus save your working power is to  
abstain hundreds of proofs of his ability. He  
forges another link in the long chain of evi-  
dence published in the Gideon Sweeper company  
and residing at No. 10 Housman street. It is  
neccessary to speak a few flattering words for Mr.  
Riley, as all his friends can testify as to his  
ability and standing.



J. A. ANGUS, Goshen Sweeper company.

He says: "I am glad of the opportunity to endorse Dr. Rankin, and I think he is a capable and conscientious physician, and I don't think he deserves the charge of being a quack or state. I speak not only from my own experience, but from my friends. My case was one of chronic catarrh aggravated by gout. I had been in bad health for years, having every disease in the open. Every morning I had difficulty in clearing my nose and throat. It would gag me to eat my food. I felt tired and weak, and my food didn't seem to benefit me. My nostrils were stopped up and I was continually hawk-ing and coughing. Since I have been treated for all these symptoms have left me, and I feel a new vigor and can go at my work with my old ambition. I think him worthy of commendation and give it to him."

References to five hundred cured patients  
in this city alone.

Dr. Rankin is a graduate of Ann Arbor, and  
has had years of experience in his specialties.

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free.

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Grow thin in two weeks. Four fully  
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dressing or poultice required. It keeps  
the body healthy and beautifies the com-  
plexion.

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and absolutely  
sure way of  
obtaining the  
best results  
from fruit, salts,  
pills and bands,  
is to have  
them prepared  
and delivered  
to the thousands  
of well-to-do  
people in  
this country.

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107, 113 New State Street, Chicago, Ill.

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